

T H E

# ANTIGALLICAN SONGSTER.

NUMBER II.

## THE CONTRAST.



Religion, Morality, Loyalty, Obedience to the Laws, Independence, Personal Security, Justice, Inheritance, Protection, Property, Industry, National Prosperity, Happiness.



Atheism, Perjury, Rebellion, Treason, Anarchy, Murder, Equality, Madness, Cruelty, Injustice, Treachery, Ingratitude, Idleness, Famine, National and private Ruin, Misery.

WHICH IS BEST?

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S O N G,

*To the Tune of—*

I.

**H**ERE's a health to right honest John Bull,  
When he's gone we shan't find such another;  
And with hearts and with glasses brim full,  
Here's a health to Old England, his mother!  
And with hearts, &c.

II.

She gave him a good education,  
Bade him keep to his Church and his King,  
Be loyal and true to the Nation,  
And then go be merry and sing.  
Be loyal, &c.

III.

Now John is a good humour'd fellow,  
Industrious, honest, and brave;  
Not afraid of his betters, when mellow,  
Since betters he knows he shou'd have.  
Not afraid of his, &c.

IV.

For there must be fine Lords, and fine Ladies,  
There must be some Little, some Great,  
Their Wealth the supply of our Trade is,  
Our Hands the Support of their State.  
Their Wealth, &c.

V.

Some are born for the Court and the City,  
And some for the Village and Cot;  
But Oh! 'twere a dolorous Ditty  
If all became Equal in Lot.  
But Oh! 'twere, &c.

VI.

If our Ships had no Pilots to steer,  
What wou'd come of poor Jack in the Shrouds!  
Or our Troops no Commanders to fear,  
They'd soon be Arm'd Robbers in Crowds.  
Or our Troops, &c.

VII.

Then the Plough and the Loom must stand still  
If they made us gentlemen all ;  
Or all Clod-hoppers,—then who wou'd fill  
The Parliament, Pulpit, and Hall ?  
Or all Clod-hoppers, &c.

VIII.

"Rights of Man"—makes a very fine Sound,  
Equal Riches—a plausible Tale ;  
But whose Labour wou'd then Till the Ground ?  
All wou'd Drink, but who'd brew the best Ale ?  
But whose Labour, &c.

IX.

When half naked,—half starv'd, in the street  
We were wandering about, sans Culottes,  
Wou'd Equality go fetch us Meat ?  
Or Liberty lengthen our Coat ?  
Wou'd Equality, &c.

X.

That Knaves are for Lev'ling, no wonder,  
'Tis easy to guess at their Views,—  
'Tis they who'd get all by the Plunder,—  
'Tis they who have Nothing to lose.  
'Tis they who'd, &c.

XI.

Then away ! such nonsensical stuff,  
Full of Treason, Confusion, and Blood,  
Ev'ry Briton has Freedom enough  
To be happy—as long as he's good.  
Ev'ry Briton, &c.

XII.

To be rul'd by a merciful King,  
To be guarded by Juries and Laws,  
And when the work's finished, to sing  
This, this is true Liberty's Cause.  
And when the Work's, &c.

XIII.

Then halloo, Boys ! Halloo, Boys ! ever,  
For just such a Nation are we !  
'Tis our pleasure,—O may it cease never !  
'Tis our Pride to be Loyal and Free.  
'Tis our Pleasure, &c.



A NEW SONG.

---

LET this, said France, be England's curse  
A ruin'd trade, an empty purse,  
Revolt and Revolution.  
Just Heav'n has made these woes her own,  
While England thrives, her commerce grown,  
And sound her Constitution.

As time unrolls the blushing page,  
Wild havoc marks from stage to stage  
The Gallic Revolution ;  
With horror pale its course we trace,  
Then with new transports we embrace  
Our much-lov'd Constitution.

What ills have flow'd, ah! would'st thou know,  
What ills accurst ne'er cease to flow  
From this sad Revolution ;  
Go count the sands, the blessings count,  
That copious stream from that pure fount,  
The British Constitution.

Ye meddling foes, ah ! spare your pains  
To work our weal : where Freedom reigns,  
There needs no Revolution.  
Britannia's bulwarks guard her shore,  
Her sons united bow before  
Their sacred Constitution.

Your fell decrees each heart dislikes,  
Your mob-drawn cannon, head-crowned pikes,  
These tools of Revolution :  
Secure from these we laugh, and sing,  
" God help the church, God save the King!"  
" God bless the Constitution!"

## TRUE BRITISH PATRIOTISM.

Tune, "*Hearts of Oak.*"

WHILE Britain's brave Seamen to Glory aspire,  
 And true to her cause, at all Treason take fire;  
 We Landsmen will shew, we'll from danger ne'er fly,  
 But firm to her interest will conquer or die,  
 For a patriot King,—all patriot Men,  
 Will ever be ready,  
 Ever be steady,  
 To fight, and to conquer again and again.

If call'd to engage, we may trust a good cause,  
 Nor Gallia's proud legions e're fear to oppose,  
 They own not the Ruler of earth and of sky,  
 On whom, to give force to our arms, we rely.

For a patriot King, &amp;c.

Our Country, our Laws, our Religion we prize,  
 Our Monarch we love, and all Traitors despise;  
 Our Statesmen for truth and for wisdom renown'd,  
 May hope with success all their plans will be crown'd.

For a patriot King, &amp;c.

No Frenchify'd maxims we'll ever receive,  
 Nor any of Messieurs palaver believe;  
 Shou'd we trust their fine speeches, alas! to our grief,  
 They'd give us *soup meagre*, instead of *roast beef*.

For a patriot King, &amp;c.

What nation is favour'd like this happy isle!  
 Where flourishing Commerce bids Industry smile?  
 Where the Great can't oppress, and the Peasant secure  
 In his Cot, is a Prince, and contented, though poor.

For a patriot King, &amp;c.

Such blessings enjoy'd, it would surely be vain,  
 To hazard their loss for so little to gain;  
 Let the Knaves and the Fools rail at Rulers and Kings,  
 We know, from *good Order*, true Liberty springs,

For a patriot King, &amp;c.

Long, long may our blest Constitution remain,  
 In vigour and health, unsubdu'd by a Pain!  
 May George long be spar'd, o'er this Realm to preside,  
 And William the Helm of the Vessel still guide!

For a patriot King,—all patriot Men,

Will ever be ready,

Ever be steady,

To fight, and to conquer again and again.

THE

## THE REVOLUTION QUACK.

## A NEW SONG.

THERE was an old man, but no great politician,  
 Who took a vile quack for an able physician;  
 Says the quack, "I must make a complete Revolution,  
 "And give your Old Body a new Constitution."

*Chorus*—Derry down, down, down derry down.

"Your head is too strong, and your legs are too weak,  
 "Your tongue prates too much, 'tis your toes that should  
 speak."

So he took him and turned him to make people stare,  
 With his head in the mud, and his heels in the air.

Derry down, &c.

This aukward position soon made him so crzy,  
 He swore the sun shone, when 'twas foggy and hazy:  
 Nay, more, he'd be d—d (for his oaths were quite frightful)  
 If any man's state could be half so delightful.

Derry down, &c.

So impious was he, in these termagant airs,  
 That he bit his own tongue through, for saying its prayers;  
 And because he would have no religion or teacher,  
 He broke the church windows and kick'd out the preacher.

Derry down, &c.

Then he tore and he scratch'd till the blood ran all o'er him,  
 Yet vow'd none were ever so happy before him;  
 But what was still worse, in the midst of those labours,  
 He sent out his quacks to distract all his neighbours.

Derry down, &c.

Some found and in health, till these Doctors came to them,  
 Felt symptoms within, very like to undo them;  
 And others, by sympathy catching his madness,  
 Swore that Reason was slavish confinement and madness.

Derry down, &c.

Oh! Britain, beware of this dreadful disorder,  
 Which rages they say in a neighbouring border;  
 Nor e'er, to be reckon'd more free or more wise,  
 Plunge your head in the kennel, and spurn at the skies.

Derry down, &c.

## THE HAPPY MAN.

## A NEW SONG.

I HAVE been married these dozen long years,  
 And happily liv'd with my Dolly ;  
 I leave to the Great all the national cares,  
 Nor trouble my head with such folly ;  
 I mind my own bus'ness, and earn my own bread,  
 My wages are paid, and my children are fed,  
 And safe on my shoulders I'll keep my own head,  
 Neighbours, mind this, and be quiet.

When my day's work is done, to the alehouse I fly,  
 And there I hear all the fine chatter,  
 A deal about Freedom, and Equality,  
 And such like nonsensical matter ;  
 Tom Paine's Rights of Man ! what are those Rights to me ?  
 To do what is right, I am sure I am free ;  
 I want to hurt no man, no man can hurt me,  
 Neighbours, mind this, and be quiet.

I think that they all want to be at the top,  
 Who make about Freedom this sputter ;  
 But if o'er the milk the cream did not pop,  
 How could we get any good butter ?  
 I'll keep to my work, and rejoice in my state,  
 We can't all go foremost e'en through the church gate ;  
 So I will be happy, let who will be great.  
 Neighbours, mind this, and be quiet.

CHURCH



## CHURCH AND KING,

Tune,—“ *Rule Britannia.*”

WHILE o'er the bleeding corpse of France  
 Wild anarchy exulting stands,  
 And female fiends around her dance,  
 With fatal lamp-cords in their hands.

CHORUS.—We Britons still united sing,  
 Old England's glory—Church and King.

Poor France, whom blessings cannot bless,  
 By too much liberty undone ;  
 Defect is better than excess,  
 For having all—is having none.  
 Let Britons then united sing, &c.

True Freedom is a temp'rate treat,  
 Not savage mirth, not frantic noise ;  
 'Tis the brisk pulse's vital heat,  
 And not the fever that destroys.  
 Let Britons then united sing, &c.

The Gallic lilies droop and die,  
 Profan'd by many a *patriot knave* ;  
 Her clubs command, her nobles fly,  
 Her Church a martyr—King a slave.  
 While Britons still united sing, &c.

Yet P——, Faction's darling child,  
 Enjoys this sanguinary scene,  
 And celebrates, with transports wild,  
 The *wrongs*, miscall'd the *Rights* of Men.  
 But Britons still united sing, &c.

Thy puritanic spleen assuage,  
 Polemic Priest! restrain thine ire!  
 Nor with such idle, idiot rage,  
 Against the Church thy *pop-guns* fire!  
 For Britons will united sing, &c.

Of trains of powder preach no more!  
Vain is thy force, and vain thy guile!  
To God and Kings their rights restore,  
Nor Him blaspheme, nor *them revile!*  
For Britons will united sing, &c.

While pillow'd on his people's breast,  
Our Sov'reign sleeps secure, serene;  
Unhappy Louis knows no rest,  
But mourns his more unhappy Queen.  
Let Britons then united sing, &c.

He finds his Palace a Bastile,  
Amidst the shouts of Liberty;  
Doom'd ev'ry heartfelt pang to feel,  
For merely striving to be free.  
Let Britons then united sing, &c.

Go, democratic demons, go!  
In France your horrid banquet keep!  
Feast on degraded Prelates' woe,  
And drink the tears that Monarchs weep!  
While Britons still united sing, &c.

Our Church is built on Truth's firm rock,  
And mocks each sacrilegious hand,  
In spite of each *electric shock*,  
The heav'n-defended steeples stand.  
While Britons true united sing, &c.

Old British sense, and British fire,  
Shall guard that freedom we possess;  
P—— may write, and Paine conspire,—  
We wish no more, and fear no less.  
CHORUS.—While Britons still united sing,  
Old England's glory—Church and King.

## S O N G,

*To whatever Tune you like best.*

**T**IS the voice of John Bull,  
 (Tho' he's honest and dull,  
 Yet he never did want common sense)  
 That, tho' masters from France  
 May have taught him to dance,  
 He will not copy Freedom from thence.

To a distance from home  
 'Tis madness to roam,  
 In search of fair Liberty's Tree :  
 No exotics we want,  
 For Freedom's a plant,  
 Which flourishes, Britain, in thee !

This tall tree is bound  
 By three roots to the ground,  
 Which King, Lords, and Commons we call ;  
 Guard these from the stroke,  
 All true friends to the oak,  
 Or the fair Tree of Freedom will fall.

Securely each zone  
 We may traverse alone,  
 If we banish all treacherous elves ;  
 When our standard's unfurl'd,  
 We may laugh at the world,  
 If Britons are true to themselves.

If wayward and wild,  
 An unnatural child,  
 Should the Freedom of Britain detest ;  
 Let us see him no more,  
 Push him off from our shore ;  
 Let him seek it, where'er he likes best.

Tho' Famine pursue  
 All the vagabond crew,  
 That make treason and murder their sport ;  
 We Britons will dine  
 On our jolly Sir Loin,  
 And baste it with claret and port.

COMMON

COMMON SENSE,  
O R  
AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST PAINÉ.

To the Tune of "*Poor Jack.*"

I.

COME all honest Britons attend to my song,  
And be not the dupes of your foes,  
Who grieve peace and plenty have lasted so long,  
And *this* for a change they propose ;  
First your Nobles they'll punish for spending their cash,  
Of hoarding there's none they upbraid,  
And next your rich merchants who cut such a flash,  
They'll cause to repent their parade ;  
Nay more they pretend of meer favour and grace,  
The King whom you love, they'll pull down,  
And a band of assassins they'll put in his place,  
With daggers in lieu of a crown.

II.

Your pastors and preachers must needs go to pot,  
For they tell you of hell and of heaven,  
We are now to be taught soul and body shall rot,  
And good men and bad be all even ;  
Oh ye Atheists, and Deists, blasphemers of God,  
Who boasted your love to mankind,  
Destruction and blood mark the paths you have trod,  
Each act speaks a merciless mind ;  
We grant, Legislators ! your skill you display,  
By methods both new and concise,  
But John Bull don't like them, he often says nay,  
And he hates being hang'd in a trice.

III.

Know artists, and handicrafts, honest men all,  
Whose gains bring you credit and joy,  
If Equality levels the great with the small,  
In vain you will seek for employ ;

Ye



Ye landlords and tenants you'll share the same fate,  
 The butcher and baker must fly,  
 For when plunder's the word, in the well order'd state,  
 None, I trow, will the markets supply ;  
 Each man dreads his neighbour, and seeks where to hide,  
 What he fears will be worsted by force,  
 For unfetter'd envy, while warring on pride,  
 Protection destroys in her course.

## IV.

What cry's this I hear from the opposite coast ?  
 How deep and continued the groan,  
 This is not the sound of a triumphing host,  
 'Tis the voice of the wretched who moan,  
 Alas, 'tis the villager waiting his fate,  
 " I perish ! there's none to regard,  
 " I levell'd yond castle, I tore up her gate,  
 " The owner I slew for reward ;  
 " Awhile I subsisted on rapine and spoil,  
 " A stronger than I seiz'd my store,  
 " Now I perish for want, and our uncultur'd soil,  
 " My wicked deeds bid me deplore."

## V.

What think you, brave Britons, of freedom like this,  
 'Tis highly approv'd by Tom Paine,  
 Yet why should they fear, where there's nothing amiss,  
 Men uncompell'd will not remain ;  
 Poor devils ! they've all got a string at their foot,  
 Not an inch may they stir without leave,  
 Not a sixpence have they in their pockets I wot,  
 Shreds of paper for coin they receive ;  
 Now, truly, my friends, I indignantly hear,  
 It is hop'd we shall quickly change states,  
 But our laws shall protect us, we've hearts void of fear,  
 And some ballast I trust in our pates.

TOM

TOM OUT OF WORK,  
O R  
THE STAY-MAKER'S LAST JOBS.  
*A new Ballad.*

To the Tune of "Derry Down."

I.

YE Britons, who relish th' enjoyment you've got,  
Here's a Stay-maker anxious to tell you *what's what* ;  
In unlacing the Nation he'd fain have a pull,  
And swears he'll *take measure* of honest John Bull.  
Derry down, &c.

II.

This botcher pretends that the state is his care,  
That our *stays* are worn out, and we want a new pair ;  
But the *patterns* held out by this son of a whore,  
Are all turned *inside out* and hind side before.  
Derry down, &c.

III.

This *stitching* Reformer still further insists,  
That all *rights* should be settled with *bludgeons and fists* ;  
That *Freedom* is *Plunder*—no matter who from—  
For we're all *equal booty* to *Rights of Man* Tom.  
Derry down, &c.

IV.

In peace and good-order—true Freedom's best gifts,  
*Rebellion* and *Tom* must be put to their shifts ;  
No talent of Tom's in calm peace can prevail,  
For he must be *in mischief*—or he must be *in jail*.  
Derry down, &c.

V.

He'll prove from a *Pamphlet* that lies on on his shelf,  
Men are all *ragamuffins* and *rogues* like HIMSELF,  
That coats are *in common* he'll boldly assert,  
And clearly make out you've *no right to your shirt*.  
Derry down, &c.

Tom

VI.

Tom would revel in *Freedom*—but, a plague take the law!!  
That rogue, the *Bum-bailiff's*, so free with his paw;  
So his genius for *Freedom* must wait its full stretch,  
'Till he's launch'd into *Freedom* by CITIZEN *Ketch*.  
Derry down, &c.

VII.

Pursued and unkennell'd, poor Tom has turn'd tail,  
And, making all free, has made free with his bail;  
At the flats who releas'd him he laugh'd in his sleeve,  
And, engag'd on *French* bus'ness—he e'en took *French* leave.  
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

But, alas! when his ink has for *Freedom* been spilt,  
Here are twelve *honest* men who decide on his GUILT;  
Tho' Tom from their verdict his character clears,  
And swears, if they're *honest*, they're none of his peers.  
Derry down, &c.

IX.

When aloft in the pill'ry he "comes into place,"  
And rotten-eggs lather his *slay-making* face:  
How ardent *their* wishes, who wish England's good,  
That a neckcloth of *hemp* may succeed that of *wood*.  
Derry down, &c.

X.

May the true "Rights of Man" in this land never cease,  
Society—Commerce—Laws—Freedom, and Peace!  
May KING, LORDS, and COMMONS our Rights long  
remain,  
And the "Rights of the Gallows," H——, P——,  
and PAINE.  
Derry down, &c.

## *Portsmouth Association Song.*

To the Tune of "*Hail! Masonry divine!*"

I.

**H**ARK! the nation shouts around!  
Mark what loud, indignant sound,  
Swell the angry strains?  
"Hence avaunt ye *savage* brood!  
"Ye who thirst for British blood!  
"Quit these happy plains!"

II.

Though France with baneful poison tries,  
With wicked fraud, and treacheries,  
Britons to beguile;  
Yet vain is all her wily art,  
She ne'er shall teach an English heart,  
To act the bloody ruffian's part,  
In Albion's social Isle.

III.

To save our KING, our Church, and State,  
All the loyal, good and great,  
In harmony unite;  
Happy Monarch! happy land!  
Long thy patriotic band,  
Firm and undismay'd shall stand,  
To guard their Country's Right.

IV.

Louder raise the vocal strain!  
"Rule Britannia, rule the main!"  
Bid thy fleets advance!  
See they float in martial pride;  
Bid them hurl their thunders wide!  
In Triumph o'er old Ocean ride,  
And shake the shores of France.

